

"O Sole Mio," by Di Capua/Capurro

What a beautiful thing is a sunny day,
A gentle breeze after the storm!
Through the fresh air already appears a feast.
What a beautiful thing is a sunny day!

But another, lovelier sun doesn't exist.
My sun is your face.
The sun, my sun,
Is your face, is your face.

There's a light in the panes of your window.
A laundress sings and boasts.
While she wrings and spreads and sings,
There's a light in the panes of your window.

When night is falling and the sun is setting,
A feeling almost like melancholy overcomes me.
I would stop under your window,
When night is falling and the sun is setting.